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FARM AND HOME HOUR

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (#122)

11:30 - 12:30 A.M.

OCTOBER 12, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: And now - "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

ORCHESTRA: QUARTER: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: During the summer months thousands of cattle have been grazing on the National Forest ranges under permits issued by the United States Forest Service. Last spring these herds were driven onto the ranges by the owners from their ranches nearby. Drought has been hard on the western ranges this year, but the National Forests, under the careful and conservative management of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers, have been able to take care of thousands of head of cattle without serious impairment of the range values, and the cattle have fattened and some of them are now ready for market.

Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick, the forest rangers who look after Uncle Sam's interests up on the Pine Cone district, have supervised the use of the ranges all through the summer. Now that the season is drawing to a close they are beginning to line up data for the annual reports on grazing matters. We find Jim this morning at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. Here they are -  
(SOUND OF DOOR)



(JERRY COMES IN HUMMING "GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES")

JIM: (CHUCKLES) What's the matter son, - got a pain some place?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Nope, not a pain, Jim. - I can't get that doggone tune outa my head. - Here's our usual love letter from the Supervisor's office, Jim, and a roll of maps.

JIM: Our new base maps, I reckon, Jerry. We're about due to get some, you know. (PAPER RUSTLES)

JERRY: Maybe so, - nope. It's the form 438's for our annual grazing report.

JIM: Hm. It is getting around that time of year, isn't it? Soon be time for the beef roundups.

JERRY: (SINGS BADLY) "I'm headin' for the last roundup" - (SOUND OF OBJECT HITTING WALL)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) If I'da hit you with that mailing tube, you'd sure be headin' that way.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) You couldn't hit a flock of balloons. - Say, Spark and Dolly ought to have finished their oats by this time. Guess we'd better be headin' for the range, any way.

JIM: They're all ready. I saddled 'em while you were down at the post office. You can get the - (PHONE RINGS)  
Hm. I wonder who that is? (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello -  
Yes, this is the Ranger Station. Robbins speaking. -  
Oh, yes, how are you, this morning, Mrs. Thompson? - Fine -  
Oh, she's well, thank you - How's Frank? He is? Well,  
I'll be glad to see him. - Yes. Goodbye, Mrs. Thompson (HANGS UP)





JERRY: I'll bring the horses around Jim.

JIM: I guess you needn't be in a hurry, Jerry. Frank Thompson's on his way up here, and wants to see me. We'll have to wait a few minutes.

JERRY: I wonder what's on his mind, now.

JIM: I didn't ask. Mrs. Thompson said he left early, so he ought to be here soon. Let's look over this grazing report form while we're waiting.

JERRY: (RUSTLES PAPER) Here it is, Jim.

JIM: Thanks. We've got to begin lining up the data for the annual report.

JERRY: I've got a lot of notes on it.

JIM: So've I. Let's see. "Allowances," "Grazing capacities." Nothing to do there. "Number of stock actually grazed." We can get that from the counting records.

JERRY: I Added them up last week.

JIM: Good. "Condition of the range." "Overgrazed areas." "Reason for same."

JERRY: Some of that cow range got hit pretty heavy during that dry spell.

JIM: It sure did. With all the riding the boys do, seems like they can't keep them damned old cows off the creek bottoms.

JERRY: That early storm we had the other day oughta make the stockmen sound up early this fall. That'll help some. (SOUND OF VOICES AND HORSES OUTSIDE)

JIM: There's Thompson, now. (SCRAPES CHAIR)

JERRY: He's got all his gunbush with him. Must be asking a drive.





THOMPSON: (OFF CALLS) Hey, Jim

JIM: (OPENS DOOR) (CALLS) Hello, Frank Howdy, boys. Come in

THOMPSON: (COMING UP) We're startin' the beef roundup, Jim. Thought yuh might like to join us.

JIM: Well, I might at that, Frank. Ain't you kinda early this year, though.

THOMPSON: Yes, that early start is pushin' us some. Don't want that beef to shrink too much on us.

JIM: Jerry and I were just starting up that way. Reckon we can look in on your round-up all right. (CALLS) Hey, Jerry.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Yeah? - Hello, fellows.

VOICES: Hello. Howdy. Hi, Jerry.

JERRY: What's goin', Jim?

JIM: Frank's starting his beef roundup today. Throw the bed rolls on one of the other horses and we'll stay with 'em tonight.

JERRY: Sure. (RUNNING OFF) I'll be ready in a minute.

JIM: I'll get my horse and rustle up a little grub, Frank.

(GOING OFF) Be right with you.

THOMPSON: (CALLS) Never mind the grub, Jim, - we got a pack-load.

(HORSES COMING UP)

JERRY: (OFF) All set, Jim - 'bout ready?

JIM: (COMING UP) Yep. (CALLS) I reckon we're all gearin' to go, Frank, - soon as I tell Boss we're leavin'.

THOMPSON: (OFF) Fine. Come on fellers. We'll lead the procession, Jim. (CLUCKS) Shep alongs, Sport



HORSES WALK - SPURS JINGLE - VOICES TALK

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(HORSES WALKING - A COWBOY HUMMING)

THOMPSON: We'll gather everything north of the South Fork today, Jim.

JIM: Where you gonna hold the beef critters?

THOMPSON: We've rented Barstow's pasture land, right above here.

JIM: That's a handy place. (DOGS BARKING) There's his dogs, givin' us the usual welcome.

THOMPSON: Yep. An' get yer eye on them kids. Must be about forty of 'em. Not, Sport. (HORSES STOP) (CALLS) Bud, you kin throw the grub and them bed-rolls in the shed over there.

VOICE: (OFF) Shore Mike. - Whoa Dynamite.

THOMPSON: And throw them extra horses in the pasture - whoa, Sport.

VOICE: (OFF) I getcha. - Stand still, yuh darned broncho.

JIM: I reckon I'll turn Dolly in, son, and ride Zipper today - Whoa Dolly.

VOICE: Shore. Turn her loose. I'll haze 'r in. (LAUGHTER, WHISTLING PACKS THROWN - HORSES RUN)

THOMPSON: The Box O outfit and Sam Riggs is comin' in over the South Fork Divide, Jim.

JIM: Yesh. I figured they would. Might have to buck a little snow, I reckon.

THOMPSON: I 'spect there's still some up there, yit. (CALLS) All set, Bud?

VOICE: (OFF) Shore.



THOMPSON : Jerry, you got a good young horse there - 'spose you go with Red and Bill.

JERRY: Suits me, Frank - got to see that high country, anyway.

THOMPSON: Jim, you'd better string along with Bud an' me. We'll go up the crick.

JIM: All right, Frank. I want a look over some of those low parks with you. They're gettin' pretty ragged.

THOMPSON: Let's roll our tails, then. Giddyup (VOICES - HORSES TROT)

MUSICAL INTERLUDE:

(FADE IN WITH BAWLING OF CATTLE - COWBOYS YELLING, HORSES RUNNING, OFF - THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: There's some good looking steers in that bunch, Frank.

THOMPSON: Yeah. That range smell sure put the fat on 'em. (HORSES APPROACH AT TROT)

JIM: Here's Sam Riggs and Jack Sherritt comin' up, (CALLS) Howdy, Jack. How's tricks, Sam?

RIGGS: (OFF) How's everything, fellers?

THOMPSON: 'Spose you got everything up there, Sam?

RIGGS: Shore. (CATTLE RUN - BAWLS OFF)

JIM: There comes Bill with his bunch.

THOMPSON: Yeah. That's all of them I reckon. (CALLS) Head 'em off, Bud. Turn 'em Jerry!

RIGGS: Good boss that boy Jerry's ridin'. Did you see him turn that steer, Jim?

JIM: Not bad, was it?

THOMPSON: We better start to cuttin' out the beef stuff, Jack. - Want to try your hand, Jim?





JIM: No, I'd rather help with the branding, I guess. I'll help hold the herd awhile.

THOMPSON: That's jake with me. (CALLS) Hey, Bud. Open the gate and you an' Red haze in the stuff we cut.

VOICE: (OFF) Sore pop. Skoot 'em along.

(BATTLE BAWL - COWBOYS YELL, OFF) (HORSE GALLOPS UP)

JIM: Hello, Jerry. (SHOUTS) Get back there, you white-faced hussy. (CALLS) Turn that cow, son! (HORSE AND COW RUN) Good work, Jerry - eh, Sam?

RIGGS: Yeah. The boy's comin' along. - (CALLS) How'll you trade horses, Jerry?

JERRY: (RIDING UP) Nothin' doin', Sam. Spark suits me.

THOMPSON: (CALLS OFF) Hi, Jim! We're 'bout done cuttin'. 'Spose you start the brandin' fire.

JIM: (CALLS) I'll 'tend to it, Frank. - Give me a hand, Jerry. Sam and Jeff can hold 'em.

JERRY: Sore pop, Jim. (HORSES WALK)

JIM: 'Hos, Zipper. We'll start the fire right here. You dis the branding irons out of their paddlers - over there in the shed.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) OK, boss.

(NOISE OF CATTLE AND COWMEN UP \* FADE OUT)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Fire starting all right?

JIM: Yeah. This pine's good fuel. - Here, give me the irons, Jerry, we'll put 'em all in.

THOMPSON: (CALLS - OFF) Saller when you're ready, Jim.





JIM: (CALLS) They'll be hot in about two weeks, Frank.

THOMPSON: (OFF) Hey, Jack. We'll cut out the cows with unbranded calves, next.

VOICE: (OFF) Right-o. Puttin' 'em in the corral?

THOMPSON: (OFF) Naw, you have 'em out and we'll rope the calves.  
(COMING UP) Jim! Yuh want in on this roping?

JIM: Don't mind if I do take a whirl at it, Frank.

THOMPSON: Sam, you and Red go over and help Jerry with the branding.

RIGGS: (OFF) Comin' up, Frank - One of yer Cross T cows comin' out, Frank. Take it, Jim.

JIM: Come, Zip. (HORSE RUNS) (ROPE WHIRS) (MEN LAUGH)

RIGGS: Haw, naw - yuh missed it a mile, Jim.

JIM: (COMING UP) This blamed ole rope kinked. I'll get 'im this time. (ROPE WHIRS) (MEN YELL) (CALF BAWLS)

RIGGS: Pretty good, Jim. Yuh roped 'im that time. - (CALLS)  
Lazy Y comin' out, Frank. (COW BAWLS - COMOTION OFF)

THOMPSON: I'll get it. (ROPE WHIRS - CALF BAWLS) One of your's Sam. (SHOUTS) Watch that cow, Jerry! (COW RUNS - SNOOTS  
MEN RUN - COWBOYS YELL)

THOMPSON: Get outa here, you low-lived son of a gun.

JIM: (LAUGHS) You're safe now, fellows. - Sam, here's a calf, following one of your Lazy Y cows, that's only been branded a few days.

RIGGS: Hey, that ain't my brand!

THOMPSON: Looks like a Flying X. Whose brand is that, Jim?



JIM: No one around here has that brand.

THOMPSON: Lemme put a string on it. (ROPE WHIRS) (CALF BAWLS)  
Look it over, you fellers.

JIM: Sure is a Flying X - and that's a Lazy Y cow.

RIGGS: Durn funny, I'd say.

THOMPSON: Looks crooked to me. Tie on to a leg, Jim, till I have  
a look at it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe I will. (ROPE WHIRS) All right,  
Frank. I got 'im roped. Go ahead (CALF BAWLS)

THOMPSON: It's a Flying X plain as the nose on yer face. By Gosh!  
This is kinda serious, Jim. Looks like we got some  
rustlers around here.

VOICE: I hein't had time to tell yuh, Frank, but Red says he  
seen signs where some one had done some butcherin'  
up here a ways, too.

THOMPSON: Butcherin', eh? That's bad. Where 'bout, Red?

VOICE: Right up there in Pole Cat Canyon.

THOMPSON: Hay. I'll turn the calf loose, Jim, fer now. We gotta  
look into this matter.

RIGGS: Doggone right we will.

JIM: Rustlers, eh? Yep. We'll look into it all right.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH FIRE CRACKLING - COWBOY STRUMMING GUITAR)

JIM: Well, Jerry, I b'lieve I'll load the old pipe and enjoy  
this campfire awhile before I roll in.



JERRY: It sure feels good.

JIM: Yee, pretty chilly up here this time of the year.

JERRY: See this! I feel like a stuffed load. Those sinkers of Bud's were out of sight.

JIM: (CRUCLES) Yeah, I started to keep count of how many you ate, but I lost track after the tenth or eleventh.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) That's pretty strong, Jim, but I was about starved. Hi, Bud, what's the chance for a little music?

VOICE: This darned ol' mouth-warp's 'bout wrecked, but maybe we kin knock off some kind of a tune. Kin you line in with that get-lar, Jeff?

VOICE: Low I can. We'll try 'er fast-a-way. (PLAY AN OLD FAMILIAR TUNE). (CLAPPING OF HANDS)

JIM: Pretty good, Bud, give us another.

VOICE: I'd rather hear Jeff sing.

VOICES: Sure. That's the ticket. Come on Jeff.

JIM: Jeff couldn't carry a tune in a pail but he can handle that guitar pretty nice. Go ahead, Jeff, give us "The Old Chisholm Trail" - or something. (CHORUS OF VOICES: "COME ON JEFF, ETC.")

VOICE: Maybe I kin do 'er. (SINGS)

(APPLAUSE, WHISTLING, CLAPPING)

VOICES: More. Give us another. Good boy, Jeff.

(HORSES GALLOP UP)

JIM: Hold it, here's somebody comin'.







THOMPSON: (COMING UP) Hi, Jim - I've been up to Pole Cat Canyon with Red. They's sure been a critter butchered up there.

JIM: That right? What you aiming to do about, it Frank?

THOMPSON: We'll have to hunt down the skunks that's doin' it, that's what.

JIM: Well, I'll keep an eye peeled, Frank, and I'll notify the Sheriff. It's a case for the civil authorities, you know.

THOMPSON: It'll be worse'n that if we catch them blamed rascals.

JIM: Might have the association offer a reward too, Frank.

THOMPSON: I've talked it over with the fellas and Jack an' Sam an' he's decided to spend a few days just huntin' around.

JIM: I reckon that's a good plan.

THOMPSON: Yeah, and if we catch 'em it'll just be too bad. (CALLS)  
IT's time to roll in boys - we've got a hard day ahead of us.

(FADEOUT WITH COW BAWLING FAINTLY)

ANNOUNCER:

Cattle rustlers on the Pine Cone District, eh? Well - looks like there might be a little excitement coming along. At this time next Friday, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

ro-4:30 PM  
October 4, 1934

